

grandmother did about as she chose in her

She took care of her household, and if

circle, or helped her husband on the farm.

because her neighbors can pay their own

being somehow not of much use in the

world, or she finds avenues for her surplus

strength and becomes the new sort of woman who is talked about with such

fuency and real. This is not by any mean

the rule, but it does account for a good many particular cases, and they are the which are disquieting the public

FRESH AIR CURES.

Abundant Oxygen to Do Away With

Half the Human Ills.

New York, May 22 -She belonged to the

Fresh Air Society, and when some of the women about the table remarked on the

excellence of such a charity for the chil-

dren of the slums, she hastened to assure

them her society limited its good work to

no class nor to persons of any particula-

"The object of all the members of the branch societies is," continued the resy

woman in the red hat, taking advantage

of the interested silence of her sister tea

drinkers, "to convert every man, woman and child he or she meets to a true ap-

preciation of the value of fresh air, to

than food, clothes or social position, and that the salvation of the human race de

pends on a larger consumption of oxygen "Now, that may sound radical.

you will all admit that fresh air is the one absolute requisite to our existence every moment. Take away food, cloth

ing and water and a man can live a sur

dividual one hour of air and death is

inevitable. In spite of this fact, a Ger-

man scientist has proven that the great

majority of the race are voluntarily and

requisite allowance of fresh air per cap

The poor woman sleeps in a stuffy

flat, opening very possibly on what is

called an air shaft or an ill-smelling little court; from there she hurries to

the shop or factory, where she is em-

ployed, and labors all day in an atmos

phere so poor and so foul a horse could not endure it. At night, if she wishe

entertainment, she gets it in a theater,

but her condition is hardly worse than her wealthier sister, whose favorite

means of locomotion is a closed carriage, whose house now possesses no chim-

ations are the theater, opera, the airless

shops, the indoor skating rink, the indoor norse show, and who, while the working

woman is a prey to consumption, is

herself a victim of every species of

cows any sensible farmer would dispose

of the lot at \$1 apiece or have them shot. On the other hand, turn to the women

driving home in their broughams, why

nervous prostration, nervous indigestion,

weak throats or anemia has two-thirds of

them by the throat, and that for lack of

which they are all languishing, suffering

and, among the lower classes, the factory

and sweat shop hands, dying, is the cheap-est commodity in the world, fresh air.

"Our society, you see, is formed to per-suade the world of this omission, and to

show why it is all important and how it

should be enjoyed. Our method for the cure of nervous afflictions, especially

for neuralgia, insounia, hysteria, indi-gestion, metaucholy, etc., is to simply satu-

rate the patient in fresh air, bland and son-

warmed, then she can get it, but cold or

damp or blazing hot when the weather is adverse. We demand that the patient

shall only go under cover in case of rain,

and here in me you see a living cure of

As every woman in the room looked with

nonest envy at her red lips, clear eyes and

round, ruddy cheeks, the admitted that a

year since-what with wrinkles, gray hair,

sleepless nights and a diet of toast and hot

water-she was on object of compose ration.

"A fresh-air flend took me in hand

just then," explained the regenerated lady,

"and in desperation I simply gave up living at home. When the family were taking

their breakfast in the cozy dining-room, I was served at a table on the veranda, and

after that meat I strolled about under an

my dog for walks, sat on a bench in the

square and read and sewed till luncheon

on the back veranda was ready. From then

until twilight I rode on top of the omnibus, socked in shop windows, bleycled a little

and tended the flowers in our back yard;

Until bedding I sat by an open window, and the first six nights of my cure I slept

with every window of my room wide open. Finally I had a little folding fron bed put

out every dry night on the upper back bal-

week I was so much better I could digest all myfood; in six weeks I was cured, aleep-

then I had dinner on the porch.

umbrella, prowled through the park, took

nervous indigestion.

"If they were suddenly transformed into

nevs for ventilation, whose cho

pervous disorder.

gradually diminishing every year the

ita per day.

CARES:

own peculiar sphere.

THE REAL NEW WOMAN

And the Reason for Her Being.

she had talent for it she nursed half the neighborhood, or superintended the sewing The real reason for the new woman is not on the surface, and for that reason it has not been exploited to any great extent. Mrs. Uptodate mustn't do ber own work, because people would think Mr Uptodate was mean; she mustn't go out nursing, This much advertised but seldom seen new grown of the comic papers is supposed to take up that profession from "pure cussednurses and poor people are not suitable for her to associate with; she musta't help ness," because she is tired of being a woman and wants to be as nearly as her husband in his office, because women don't understand business; the only thing possible a member of the other division of humanity. She is said to take on cigarthat is left for her to do is to dress herself ette smoking and knickerbockers and other and her children and keep up her social duties. Even this she must do cautiously and without the aim to outshine anybody mannish things for pure fun; but she is so uncommon an article that she will probelse, because she will ruin her husband ably be seen, sooner or later, in the freak museum of the Barnum & Bailey combiwith her extravagance. The consequence is that her children are apt to suffer from too much attention of the wrong sort, nation. They haven't yet been able to and she herself suffers from a sense of

The new woman, however, is not alto gether a myth. Women do engage in bust ness and recreation nowadays in ways which are a decided contrast to the notions of our grandfathers, and they are better educated and are making more money, occasionally, than was once the case. When Mary Lyon wenta-canvassing for her female seminary, the planeer in-stitution for the higher education of woman, she was told by one crabbed old gen-tleman that there was no need for a to know arithmetic, unless she meant to drive pigs to market. The opin ion of the whole country has changed on that point. However, this old gentleman not have been fairly representative of his day and generation, any more than was Dr. Johnson, when he said that a woman's writing was like a dog walking on its hind legs; it was not done well, but

you were surprised to find it done at all. Be that as it may, the new woman, so far as her newness is concerned, is more a product of economic than of educational conditions. She has been made what she is by the steady march of nvention. first new woman movement began in New England, when the cotton and wooler mills crowded out the spinning-wheels and

It was no longer possible for the farm er's daughter two inpete, at her home, with the huge machines in the cities, so she went to the city and became a "new" factory girl. When ready-made clothing became so cheap that only the rich would have their out of employment and had to take to run ning coachines in the shops. When the type writer was invented the woman copyist could no longer earn money by taking work borne and finding that a typewriter was chine, she adopted that In short, as the nundred avenues of home employment for women gradually closed those who were obliged to earn their living have come out into the world to do it, and they have been followed by many who were not obliged to earn their living, but who found, since invention had reduced the number of their me duties, that they had more time than they needed and more energy than could be employed inside their own homes. Add to this the wider education, which brings larger wants to a woman, as it does to a man and you have increased independence in the worsen and increased competition in the world of business, mainly because the world of tusiness came into the woman's home and took away her needle and her spinning wheel and her loom and her frying pan and washtub.

The little home bakery cannot compete with the big bakeries which buy their mahousekeeper with her limited experience and capital cannot compete with the inxurious club with its salaried chef and central location. The new woman is not altogether to bigine for herself if she is pushing men out of their places; she has been pushed out of her old place by them.

When this country was new almost any energetic woman could find full scope for her energies without going outside her natural duties as they were defined in those days. Housekeeping was so complex an affair that it included at least a dozen trades, and the woman on a farm often did her share of the farmwork as well, simply because the work had to be done and there were not enough of men to do it. The woman who, a hundred years ago, would have found vent for her executive ability in manufacturing all the cloth g for her family, looking after a corps of servanis, carrying on a poultry farm making pickles and preserves, and inci-dentally bringing up a family of ten or a dozen children. Is now, if she happens to marry a business man, set down in a city house with all the modern improvements and balf of her household goods ready made cheaper and better than she could possibly make them, and is, or was, told that her home is all the sphere she needs,

If her husband is rich she becomes a se clety queen, perhaps, or a philanthropist, or a director of various organizations, and her children get just as much of her time and attention, if she is the right kind of mother, as her grandmother's children got in the intervals of looking after the ho keeping, the kitchen garden, and the live stock. This energetic woman may be per-fectly able to do her own housework, every bit of it, but she doesn't doit out of regard for her husband's position, or because she has not been trained to that business till every duty is a pleasure, as her grand-mother was. It will be seen that she is in rather a dilemma. She has her grand-mother's force of character and no outlet for it; and force of character shut up in tself is apt to turn vinegary. It is my notion that women who come into promias disturbing elements and are restless and discontented are often of this verytype. In apite of all the talk about the ies of women nowadays. re is this to be said: Mrs. Uptodate's

ing like a top, eating like a schoolboy, and with the spirits of a kitten. What it has lone to cleanse, soften and color my skin and arrest the fading of my hair any one who had seen me in my former state could attest, so that I believe fresh air to be the nost potent cosmetic in the world,

Since my restoration to health, however, I have seen far more won derful things do Persons given up by physicians and lifted into carriages made up, by means of boards and blankets, into beds, have been slowly driven about in the air tack to health and vigor. We believers in oxygen count Queen Victoria as one of our members, and claim Gladstone as an adherent, for both of these distinguished individuals set down their long years of profitable life to liberal indulgence in fresh air. The Queen today is seventy-eight years of age, eats. paps, does business, writes and sits with her family, weather permitting, out of doors. We find that with fresh air en-joyed ad libitum, even if hard living his to be endured, the chances of a long, healthy life are double those held by persons who live luxuriously, but much indoors.

In England, in Devonshire, has already been founded one fresh-air settlement, to practically demonstrate not only the benefits of air as a core, but to fligstrate how too-closely housed moderns should live. Women, suffering from nervous troubles, weak lungs, etc., are received there, and are practically forced to live without shelter. On rainy days, ever-shoes, waterproof capes, and united has are dealt out, and the patients read, sew, eat, write, paint, and lastly, sleep out of doors. Sewing machines and typewriters have little canopy tents set up over them, and all the kitchens are merely sheds with glass sashes, like these on a greenhouse to let down in case of rain. The laundries are built on the same pattern, and only the bath houses are enclosed in wood or brick.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

Knowledge of Skip Culture Need Not Be Confined to Persons of Wea th. New York, May 20. "Old and ugly at wenty-fice; and nobody to blame for it out yourself."

That was the consolation that I recived from Mary Sout Rowland when I asked her what to do for my disappearing oveliness. In my heart I knew she was right, but I might like the memoine administered in such an unsweetened state. Bowever, I had esine there for a remedy, and as she owns to forty seven years and is still pink and white and beautiful, I could not but regard her as authority on the subject. If Cato Jearned Greek eighty, surely it was not too late for me to learn beauty at thirty.

The chief reason why women fade before they are thirty is the fact that they are either too fazy or too stingy to Teed their faces, spin will not live without food any more than a plant or other organism: yet some of you women expect it to flourish and bloom like the rose vithout a particle of nourishment You wait until the wrinkles come, not making the least effort to ward them off, and then you begin rubing to smooth them out—a proceeding which is just as likely to make them worse as better. The wrinkle is by no means the first stage in the decay of beauty. A great deal has been going or inderneath before it makes its appearance on the surface. Just wait a moment, and I will show you a fecture of the human face without its covering of skin."-and she dashed out into an adjoining room for a couple of charts, one representing the muscles of the face, the other a-magnified

section of the skin.
"It is these muscles," said she. "that are the most important element in the composition of a good complexion. They are the foundation, and when they are allowed to shrivel and shrink no amount of rubbing and smoothing can prevent the skin covering from shriveling, too. They lose their firmness, and the cheeks say down like bags on either side of the jaw There are thousands of examples that might be cited Look at Ada Rehan, for instance. that very Juno among actresses. She has allowed herself to age. The facial muscles have not the firmness and chargen youth, which they might have just as wel as not by paying a little attention to the matter. Even your cheeks are getting flabby, and you ought to be at the very

zenith of your natural good looks. "It pays to take care of your face, whether you consider it 'your fortune' er not. There isn't the slightest doubt that

and in one month she will find a marked change in her appearance. Of course, some skips have been so long neglected that they require the attention of a specialist in skin diseases. If your stomach gets out of order, you go to the doctor, if your eyes nort you, you hant up an oculist at once; but when you see your skin growing parched and Hotched with pimples and black beats, you merely whimper and whine at the sad fate that is depriving you of your beauty, when all the time your skin needs only a little medicine, or pity 'twere to say it-a fittle something to ent!

'Madame Patif's treatment applies to the average ship-namely, that which is neither very good nor very bad. It will not cure eczema, but it will prevent the waste which is constantly going on in the skin of the face. This is what she does night and corning every day of herlife.

"When she cases in the morning, she wrings out her crash wash cloth in tepid water, rubs on a fittle pure office off scap, and upon that puts a little rose cream then she proceeds to wash her face and neck just as any other woman does, and with out consuming any more time than dezens of others do. She removes the susp from her face by rinsing the rag in clear, tepid water and rubbing her face, efter which she wipes it gently with a soft towel and puts on a little powder. She does not put water directly on her face, because that dries up the natural oils of the skin. At when she retires, she washes face in the same manner, and instead of putting on powder rubs in a little crean to bring out the impurities while she is She repeats the same process after nsleep a drive, and whenever the face needs

"Exposure to the wind is very bad for skin because it dries up the natural Even the ordinary air will do this That is why the skin of the body is usu dly so much softer and smoother than that of the face and hands. For this reason, a little cream rubbed in from the outside is necessary to compensate for the waste that is constantly going on-

"Just look at this chart for a moment It will show you more about the composition of the skin in five minutes than I can tell you in a day. Here you see these tittle globules, marked F. Well, they are the fat cells that oil the skin and the glands that lead up to the surface of the scles underneath. You see how they are connected with the veins and the sweat So long as these last and the pores are kept free from impurities, the skin gets its needed supply of oil and is soft and pliable. The muscles get nourishment from the same source and soon shrivel when deprived of it. When the fat cells become Mme Patt's lasting popularity is due in exhausted the supply must be supplemented great measure to the preservation of her from the outside. Indeed, it is very dan-

teresting articles on the life of the President for the Ladies' Home Journal, that be simply and solely a proud page, with no wish to be known as anything else? It may be expected that his next article on the life of the President will deal somehow or other with this very interesting subject How is it to be done does not yet appear but it will be done, and it will cause the Ladies' Home Journal to exhaust its edition and print another. See if it does not

THE WOMAN DRUMMER.

Last and Most Progressive Spemen of the New Woman.

One of the musual occupations in which bright girls are engaged nowadays is that of the "dremmer." Undoubtedly the novelty of the thing sometimes makes the woman a success, or, in almost as many cases, the novelty of the thing may work against her. But in the long ron it is not novelty which counts. It is energy, tact, business sense and good nature, just as it is with the mascaline variety of that spe-The drummer, as a species, has a large and eifferescent reputation for nerve This is gained in a very simple way. The man who is met every now and then by a chilling rebuilf, and who must meet his engagements and sell his goods in spir of the obduracy of human nature and the weather and the lates, is obliged to be in perturable, and he is obliged to be alert. He gets the best room in the hetel, because he understands how to get it, and he hold to his bargain coolly because he cannot offord to be in a constant state of challition apology. This faculty the woman dram mer must also have, if she is to be a suc

One young lade in the middle West is an nivance agent for manufacturers. She travels for a man who is in the business of sanufacturing patent things in women's went. He has his regular drummers, who make the bargains with the dealers, but ahead of them goes this little lady, talks of the new invention among the women and in the shops, and creates a demand. A welllaid scheme, isn't it? And yet there is nothing wrong about this scheme, because the demand is a bonn-fide affair, induced by the young lady's visit and exhibition of the article and her clever way of stating its advantages. She is simply a walking advertisement, which can be relied upon to answer questions.

She is a placky girl, and a shrewd one. and she possesses that faculty which all wise women have-that of knowing how and when to spave herself. She has learned to travel easily and to sleep and eat properly

under difficulties. She says: "Why, the biggest sale I ever made was



ALONG THE CONDUIT ROAD.

One woman, an overworked author, who was cured at this settlement last sum ner of a complication of nervous diseases. Pas-

found fresh air as necessary to her life as food or water, and on the coldest winter days writes by an open window. muffles herself in furs to do it, some times the ink freezes in the bottle, but where as in her former days she was only able to write steadily four hours a day she can now, out-of-doors or by her oper window, use her pen from six to sever hours, and no fatigue following. But the fresh air society is not satisfied with merely recommending its principles to sick women. to overworked individuals or to those whose means are so straitened that to know of cure just outside their front doors is a

"We are going to labor to secure the transplanting sweatshops to the roofs of the ill-smelling rooms they are now in. We are having designs drawn of improved factories, with rolling glass roofs, shops built in a succession of open front booths like those used in the east; schoolhouses that are sheds with sliding glass walls, and dwelling houses having open-air kitch ens and laundries and all the rooms so arranged that one whole side can be tel escoped together and make of each apartment a sort of portico."

The proprietor of the red hat rose to take her departure, jubilant in the con-sciousness of having planted the good seeds of her doctrine in fertile ground, promising as she swept out, followed by a volley of questions, to send her hearers a batch of pamphiets on "How to Cure Dyspepsia in Your Back Yard," "What the Op Will Do for a Complexion," and a store more of impressive little books gotten cut by the society that has the Queen of England as a member and Mr. Gladstone for a godfather.

One Sad Man.

"May I ask what is going on in the vilinquired the observant stranger. "We're celebratin' the hirthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the native. "She's a hundred an' one today, sir." man with the dreadfully sad countenance

man with the dreaming such as the who walks by the old lady's side?"
"That's her son-in-law, sir. He's been keepin' up her life insurance for the last thirty years."-Cleveland Plain Dealer

beauty, and the great diva has never made any secret of the fact that she takes the

most excellent care of her complexion. "What does she do for her skin? I will tell you exactly, for nobody knows better than I. Mrs. Langtry does practically the same thing. So do Mrs. Kendal, Julia Marlowe Taber, Melba, Calve, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Beatrice Cameron, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and dozens of actresses besides not to mention members of the royal families of Europe, and well-known million alresses of this country. There is no earth ly reason why a knowledge of skin preser vation should be confined to persons of royalty and wealth. To be sure, they often require more care on account of the constant drain upon their vitality by the demands of society, but a poor woman very often evens up matters by hard work

"It ought not to cost more than \$50 to make the difference between beauty and ugliness, and what woman would not give three times that amount if she could but get back her youthful pink and white?

The greatest trouble with the average American woman is her lack of persistency in following up a prescribed treatment. She will do what she is told for a week, and then she will new lect it for three or four days. No woman can hope to restore beauty at that rate. She must form a habit of attending to her face night and morning, as regularly as she brushes her teeth and hair. Why should she neglect the one and not the other, especially when it requires very little more time and when the stake is so great? Even ordinary cientiliness ought to dictate more care of the skin than the average woman devotes to it.

"It is a constant source of surprise to most women to see how well the general run of actresses and singers manage may preserve what beauty she has quite as well as an actress on the stage. All that she need do is just what the actress

For instance, if an ordinary weman of thirty should begin now to follow out the practice which has been Ade-lina Patti's habit for years, she will be

gerous to wait until the natural oil is gone in celluloid shirt fronts at 6 o'clock one af before beginning to feed the skin with artificial oils. The pores are little mouths | to death, and hot and hungry. But i that drink up food as ravenously as a drank some tea and ate some radished little animal. The atmosphere, the impurities in water, the modern mode of Then I set out for the store of G. (I call living, all these conspire to rob the skin him G. because he turned out to be such of its nourishment, and the woman who neglects to furnish it with additional food runs the risk of becoming ugly in her youth and positively disfigured in old age."

MISS ELIZABETH HARRISON.

The chief item of interest which is going is the fact that his wife left him to take care of the baby one afternoon when she went shopping. Opinions have differed as to his success in the nursemaid capacity. One paper stated that there were ounds of woe heard in the Harrison apart ments that afternoon, that the steady tramp of Mr. Harrison's boots nearly wore out the carpet, and that when his wife came home he immediately emerged from the room, very red in the face, and took a long walk. Another account takes the view that Mr. Benjamin Harrison was a success as a nurse, and that he greeted his wife with a beauing face—and also a beaming baby-when she came back with her cab full of bundles. But all agree that it is im possible to get him to talk on Indiana poli tics, the Cuban question, the gold standard or anything else except the baby. On his arrival at the Chicago hotel, he was at mos buttonboled by a reporter of that town. son gave him one-on the subject of the baby's new tooth. The interview is not very fully reported, possibly because the newspaper man was a diffident young bachelor, but it is said that in the malst of to preserve their good looks. But this it all, Mr. Harrison turned to his wife with should not surprise anybody, for it is the exclamation: "My dear, isn't that merciy a matter of attention. Any woman | Elizabeth crying?" Whereat they both dived into the baby's domicile, and no reporter would have the nerve to follow them

not what we shall be. Who would have ventured to prophesy when Mr. Harrison's white hat figured so prominently in mu causes and Cabinet meetings and politi-cal conventions, when he made those clearsurprised to see how rapidly ser skin cut and explicit speeches on the gold stand-responds to a little care and attention, ard; nay, when he began writing those he to grow rich.

ternoon. I got into the town of D. tire a good thing.)

"He was closing up the store, and was not glad to see me. said he, when I had got off my little speech about my shirt bosoms. 'Do you suppos any self-respecting woman is going to wear such a make-shilt as that?"

" 'Yes, I do,' said I, 'I am one, and I'v got one on. And what is more, I have ridden three hundred miles since my breakfast today, on a road where they burn bituminous coal, with that thirt front on. And you can look at it new.'

" Well, it does look fresh as a daisy said he, 'and if you'll come in, I'll get one for my wife, anyway, so she can look decent when we go traveling this summer I sold him a hundred dozen before I let

This girl is doing her work in very much the same way that a man does, ex cept that she can deal with women better But there are others who win their way more especially through their feminin

One of these is Miss Kate Todd, who sells all sorts of pretty things made o shells. She has in her stock of goods shell clocks, vases, shades for el lights, and all sorts of pretty natural specimens of the sea-shell kind. Hermethod of work is original. She takes a room at the best hotel in town, a bine room i she can find one, and unpacks her treas ures. She makes the room a perfect ma-rine bower. Then she sends out invitations to possible enslowers to come and see her, and they come. When she leaves the town she has sold every sample in her room and taken orders for more.

Another clever girl is out on the road for household articles. She has sold a good many thousand washboards, for one thing There is money in the business of the drummer; more money than most women can make in other professions; but it takes an exceptional woman to extract the money from the business. The exceptional girl, however, has a fair chance

A SAVAGE CAMP MEETING.

ndians of Oklahoma Who Have Exchanged Hatchets for Hymn Books.

A Christian camp meeting among savaga Indians is a novelty to most people, but that is what is about to take place in the western part of Okiahoma. Through the the work of missionaries some of the Kiowas have accepted the Christian religion, and are about to hold a meeting of their tilbe to promulgate the new doctrine among

The coming camp meeting will be held in Saddle Mountain, where many of the Klowas are now living, and other menibers of the tribe are gathering by scores from every direction to attend the strange services. A great arbor is being built of branches from the trees and of red, white and blue bunting, and will be profusely decorated with American flags. When the time for the meetings has arrived the "rousing committee" will go about the prairie ring ing dinner bells to call the Klowas from their topees to the meeting place

The only missionary at Saddle Mountain is Miss Isabelle Crawford, caughter of Prof. Crawford, who was fourteen years a lecturer on theology in McMaster's Hall, Toronto. This brave young woman has devoted her life to work among the savage Indians She lives alone with them, the only white person on the mountain, and is seventy-seven miles from a railroad and fifty-seven from a postoffice. When traveling among the camps, she shares the topees of the Indian women, and when at the mission headquarters has only a corner in a tiny cabin which she can call her own.

The cabin serves as schoolroom, chapel, kitchen and sitting-room, and has to be shared with an Indian family, and whoever of the dusky tribe may chance to claim their hospitality. Her scanty food must be shared with those who come many miles to hear her teachings, and with her neighbors, when the tribe's rations are exhausted. Since the Indian brave has never learned the ethics of chivalry, and since no servant is provided for this lonely missionary, she must do all the menial work of her station with her own bands, even to the chopping of her own firewood. From ten to thirty come daily to the cabin to be taught, and her services as friend, norse o teacher are required in the camps for miles around.

It is she who has taught the Indians of Saddie Mountain to plow and plant and harvest, and has encouraged and stimniated them to something approaching industry. The women are also learning to use stoves and cook properly, and to care for their children somewhat after civilized customs.

Perhaps the saddest task which falls to the lot of this young missionary is the burial of the dead. Before her advest into the camp, the Indian burial customs prevailed. Upon a death in the camp the men and women out iff their hair and fingers, and gashed their bod-ies and limbs frightfully. Everything belonging to the departed man was buried in his grave, and his horses and stock were driven to the grave and shot there. Often the bodies were scarcely covered with earth, and became food for roving wolves. were scarcely covered with But now among the Christian Indians all s changed. Miss Crawford herself makes coffins from wooden boxes, covering them with white cloth, and also helps to dig the graves.

In a recent letter Miss Crawford writes: The only way I can live here is to live eight among and like the Indians, and conequently I have to cut what they ent. I could never afford to feed all these crowds anything but the cheapest pork, beans, apple sauce and syrup, and I couldn't be mean enough to ent anything better my-eff. Yesterday some one killed a beef, and I wish you could have seen me est Today I am feeling to much stronger, for I had been living on brend and syrup for over a week. Two weeks ago we ran out of food, and had to go twenty-five miles in a "prairie schooner" to Fort Sill for supplies. I camped with the Indians and shared a tepec with four men, three women and three children. As I was only one I iffered to sleep in a kind of corner and let he others who had children and husbands sleep in the beds-Indian beds. Const mently. I spread my bestding on the ground and crawled in. In a few minutes one dog ame and crowded on the quilts, then another and another, till I was surrounded by en, all wanting a corner. I had to keep shoving them off all night."

LITERARY BLONDES.

Characteristics and Fecentricities of Some Famous Women.

Among the women procolnect in the literary world today, it is interesting to note that many of them are of the deliate blonde types. Marie Corelli, whose books self enormously and are translated into nearly a dozen languages, including Arabic and Hindustance, is distinctly pelite, with a fragile figure and a mass of arring, reddish gold bair under which arge, dark, blue eyes look questioningly-She was born in Italy, but was adopted in arty childhood by a London physician, the father of Eric Mackay, the poet, who, like Byron, "awoke and found himself fasous" on the publication of his volume of sonnets: "The Love Letters of a Vio-"nist," which gives him high rank among the younger Victorian poets. Corelli lavishes unbounded admiration upon his work and frequently quotes his poems in her novels. In the "Romance of Two Worlds" she has undecopious extracts, with warmest inudatory comment, from the "Love Letters." "The Remance of Two Werkis," by the way, has the distinction of having caused her most gracious majesty, Queen Victoria, to forego part of a night's repose, for her royal highness refused to go to bed until the last chapter was finished at 2 o'clock in the morning. One of Maile Corelli's eccentricities is a distike to being photographed, and another is a determination not to marry-a decision which a good many men have vainly sought to hange. She has made a fortune by i er ritings, so can afford to be independent

Frances Hodgson Burnettis also a blonds. In one family of her friends she is called by tue caressing pet-name of "Finffy." She is delicate in coloring and has a mobile face, rather serious in repose, but lighting up into charming humorousness of expres-sion when among intimate friends.

Mary E. Wilkins is another blonde, small in stature and with a face whose carnestness receils her own "New Eng-land Non." One day at Mrs. LouiseChandler Moulton's-one of her famous Fridays in a group which included several noted people, among them Miss Wilkins, Julia Marlows and Oscar Fay Adams, the convirsation drifted into reminiseence, and, with a good deni of laughter, confessions were made of childish sins. Miss Wilkins elated her one falsehood with a smile, it is true, but in a way which clearly showed the sensitive conscientleaumess of her na ture. Once, when very small, she strayed climbing up to the table abstracted a few noticed a slight disarrangement and ... ked the child if she had taken any crapes Hastily the little one answered "No, namma," and the matter dropped. All the afternoon, however, the matter sat heavily on the child's conscience until, in the twiupon her mother's lap and sobbed her